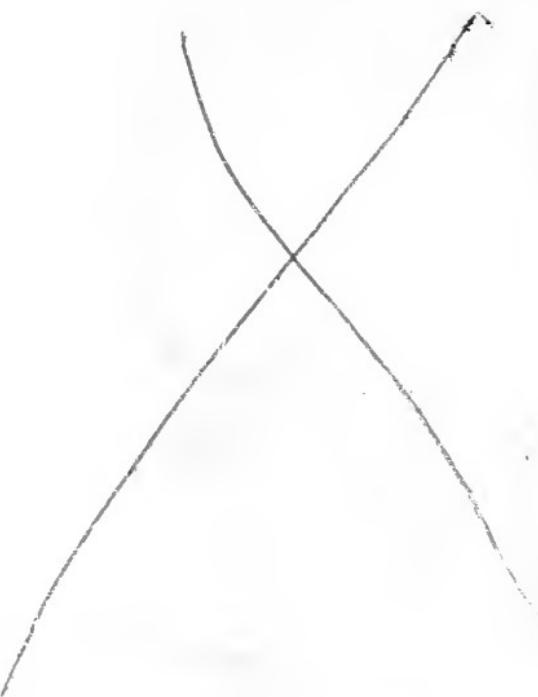


# *The Story of A Little Gray Mouse*



by DOROTHY SHERRILL

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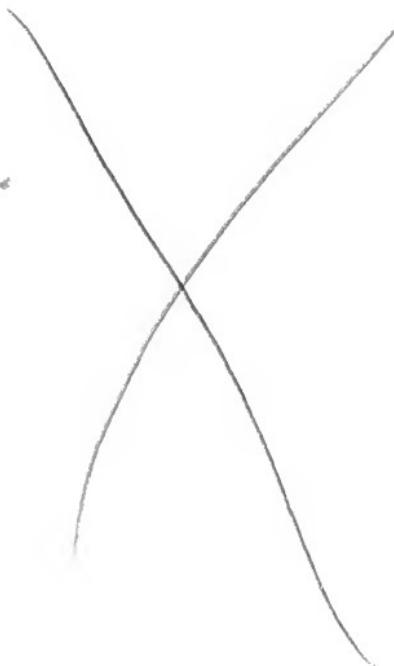


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The attic  
of this house  
belongs to  
The Little Gray Mouse.  
But this book  
belongs to me.

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# The Story of A Little Gray Mouse

by

Dorothy Sherrill



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Once upon a time  
there was a little gray  
mouse.



Here he is .

He lived with his mother and father and nine brothers and sisters in a funny little house in an attic. The house was really an old hatbox with a hat on top of it and a chimney sticking out of the hat.



Here is the mouse's home.

See the funny hat with  
the chimney in it.

One day the mother mouse  
said to the little mice,  
"Children, now that you are  
all growing up and aren't  
tiny baby mice any  
longer, this hat-box is  
getting very crowded.  
The time has come for  
you to go out into the  
world and find homes  
of your own."

Here is the mother mouse



talking to the children mice.

And the father mouse,  
who had been reading his  
newspaper while the mother  
mouse was talking, put  
it down now and said to  
them, "Your mother is  
right. You are almost  
grown-up and must good  
find homes of your own.  
Goodbye, be good little  
mice." And he patted  
them on their little.

gray heads.  
329244

Here is the father mouse



With his newspaper.

W. A. G.

So ~~the~~ children packed their toys and a clean necktie and a piece of cheese in a handkerchief, and they said goodbye in their squeaky little voices.

They promised to be good mice; and off they scampered to find homes of their own.

Here they are scampering



to find homes of their own.

Now the little mouse  
that we are telling this  
story about ran outdoors  
with the others. But  
when he got outside  
he just couldn't decide  
where he wanted to  
live. He walked slowly  
down the road carrying  
his handkerchief bundle  
over his shoulder.

Here he is



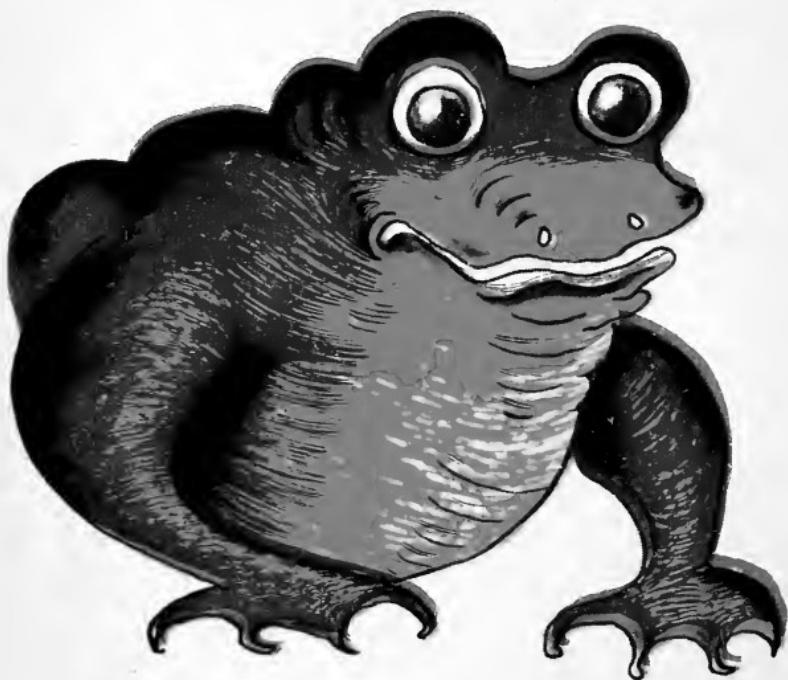
walking slowly down the  
road.

Bye and bye he came  
to a pond that had lots  
of beautiful water-lilies  
in it. He sat down beside  
the pond to rest. And  
a big grandfather frog,  
who was perched on a  
log, said to him,

"Gur-runk, gur-runk!"

Which is the way a frog  
says, "Where are you  
going, little mouse?"

# The grandfather frog



says, "Gur-runk, gur-runk!"

When the little mouse  
told him that he was  
looking for a place  
to live, the old frog  
was very polite.

"Come here and live  
with me on this nice  
big brown log," he  
said .

Here is the old frog



inviting the little mouse  
to live with him.

"Thank you, I will,"  
said the little mouse.  
And he jumped quickly  
from the shore to the  
log. But when he got  
on the log he didn't  
like it at all. It  
wobbled every time he  
moved, and it was  
very wet.

See the mouse



on the wet log.

He doesn't like it.

So the little mouse said politely to the old frog, "Thank you, but I don't really think logs are very good places for mice to live, although they may be lovely for frogs." And he jumped quickly back on to dry land and scampered down the road.

See him scamper



down the road.

The little mouse ran  
and ran until he came  
under a big tree and  
heard a bird say,  
"Chirp, chirp, chirpee!"  
Which is the way a  
bird says, "Where are  
you going, little mouse?"

Here is the bird



saying, "Chirp, chirp,  
Chirpee!"

When the little mouse  
told the bird that he was  
looking for a place to  
live, the bird said  
politely, "Won't you come  
and live with me in  
my tree?"

Here is the bird



inviting the mouse

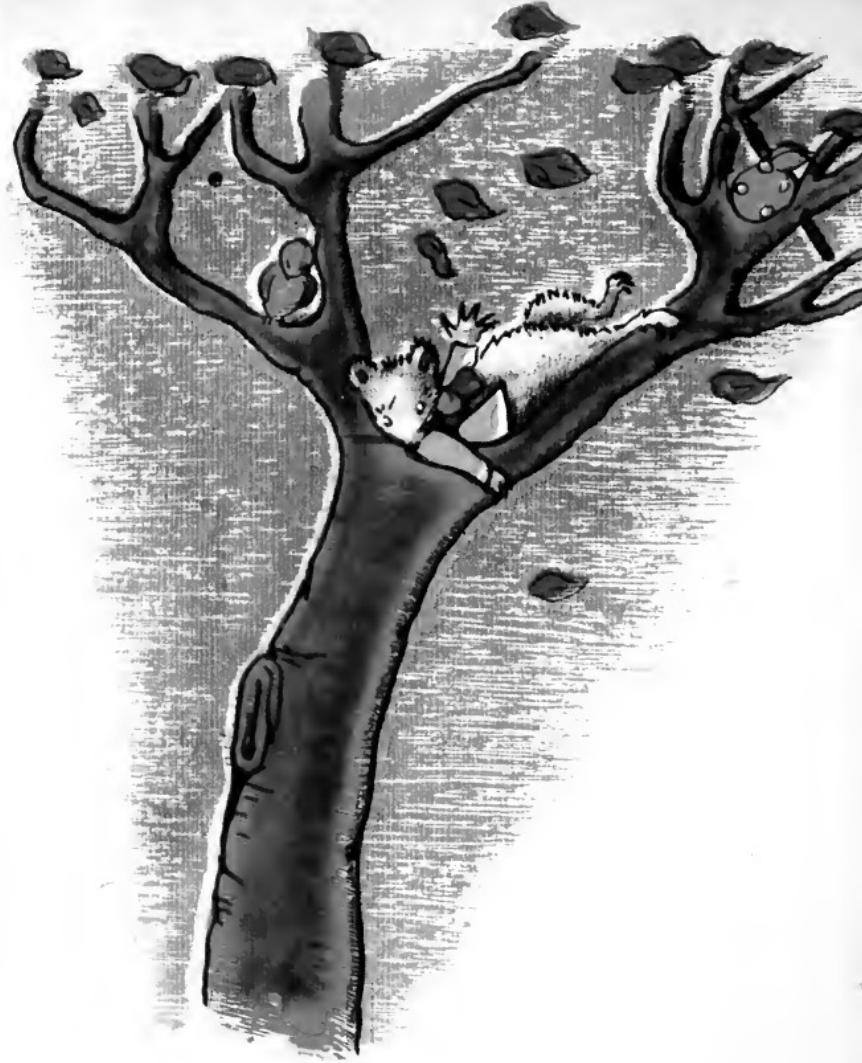
to live with him.

"Thank you, I'd like  
to," said the little  
mouse. And he  
climbed up the tree.



Here is the mouse  
in the tree.

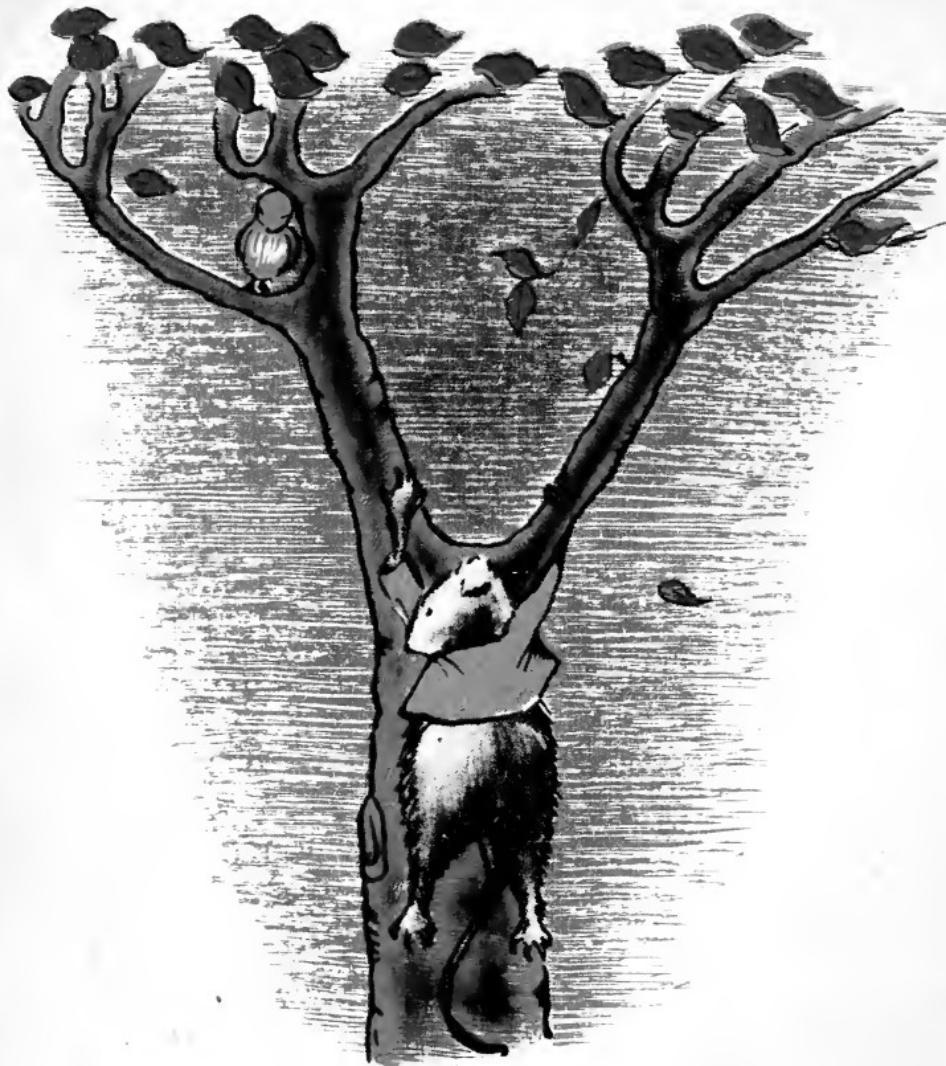
But when the little  
mouse got into the tree,  
and night came and  
the wind blew and the  
tree rocked, he didn't  
like it at all. He  
wished he were back  
in his quiet home in  
the attic.



See, now it is night  
and the wind is rocking  
the tree.

"Thank you," the little mouse whispered very softly so as not to wake up the bird who was sleeping soundly.

"Nests in trees may be very nice for birds," he said, "but they're not very nice for me!" So he climbed down the tree and ran away.



Here he is climbing  
down the tree.

He slept under a big  
stone that night. And  
in the morning, after  
eating some cheese for  
breakfast, he began to  
walk along the road  
again. Pretty soon he  
came to a sign that  
read, "This Way to  
the City."

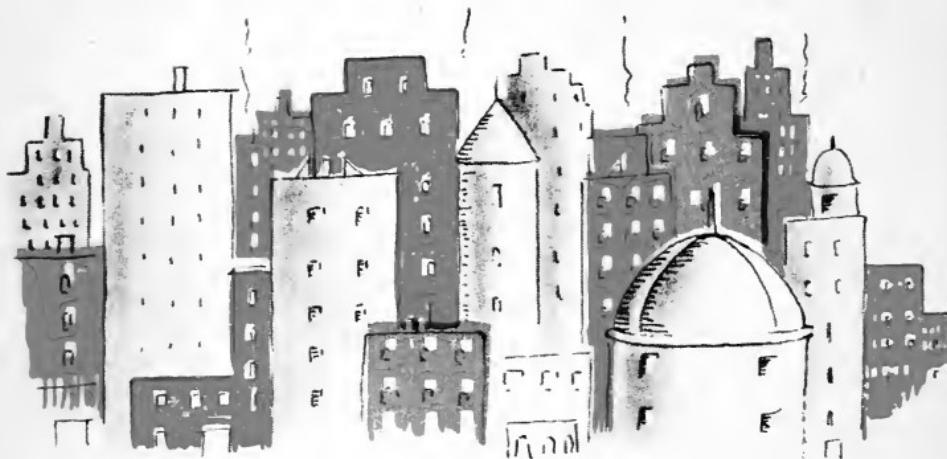
Here is the little mouse



reading the sign.

Goody!" he said out  
loud in his squeaky  
little voice. "I'll go  
to the city. Maybe I  
will find a place to  
live there." So he  
walked very fast  
until he came to the  
big buildings of the  
city.

Here he is



staring up at the  
big buildings.

They looked awfully big  
to him. "Gracious me!"  
he squeaked. "Wouldn't  
it be terrible if they  
toppled over on me!"

And he began to  
feel very little and  
lonely.

Here he is



feeling little and lonely.

Just then he saw a  
cellar doorway. It was  
open and the cellar  
looked nice and warm  
and safe inside. "I  
think I'll go in there  
and build a nest,"  
said ~~the~~ little mouse.  
So he ~~went~~ in and  
closed ~~the~~ door behind  
~~him~~.

Here he is



going into the cellar.

It was very nice in  
the cellar and the little  
mouse was pleased with  
it. He hunted around  
for some old rags and  
wood shavings and began  
to build a nest in a  
warm dark corner.



Here he is  
building his nest.

He was so very busy  
building his nest that  
he didn't see a pussy  
cat that came crawling  
toward him out of  
the coal bin.

Here is the pussy cat



coming out of the coal bin.

The little mouse went right on building, and kitty came nearer and nearer. Until what do you think happened? Pussy stepped on a piece of coal that rolled over and made a noise! And the mouse heard it! He looked around and saw the cat's big green eyes glaring at him!



Here are the cat's  
BIG GREEN EYES !

The mouse jumped straight up in the air! Kitty jumped too, but missed him. "Mercy!" squeaked the little mouse, "I won't stay here!"

"Yes you will!" Pussy cried. "No I won't!" squeaked the mouse, running to the door and slipping safely out through a hole under it.

# The little mouse



slips safely out through  
a hole under the door .

Of course, the Rilly  
was too big to go  
through the hole.

So the little mouse  
got away and ran as  
fast as ever he could  
down the street.



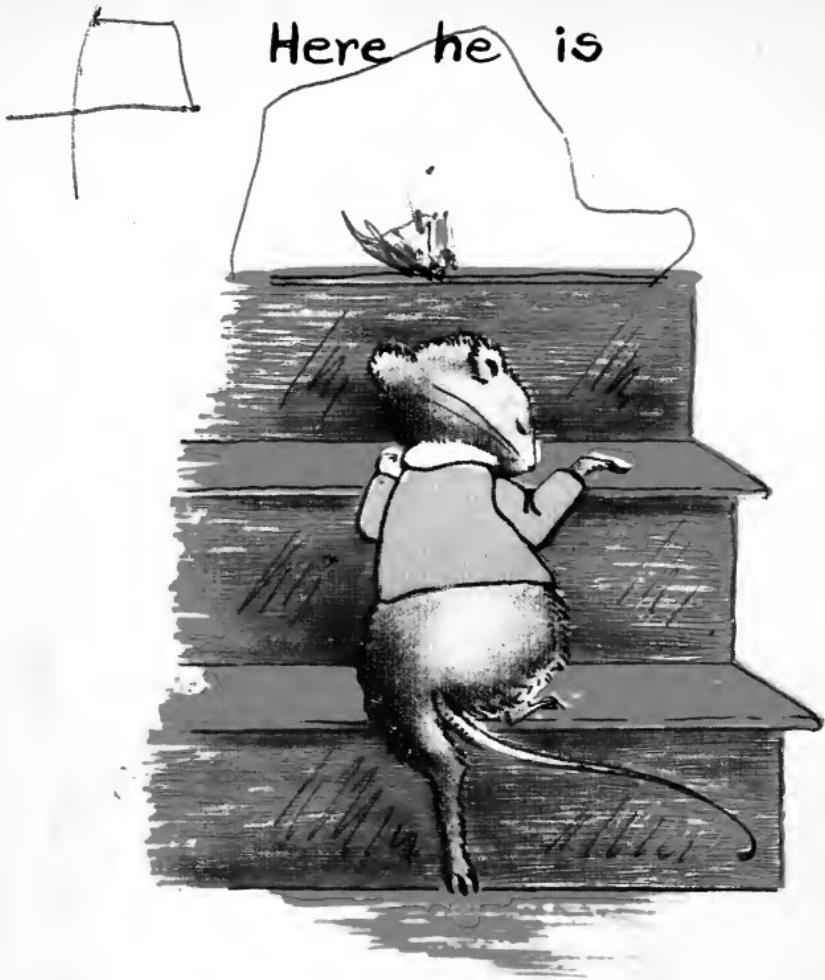
Here he is running  
fast.

He ran right out of the city, past the big tree where the bird lived, past the pond where the frog was. He ran and ran until he came to the house that had the attic where his mother and father lived.



Here he is in front of  
the house.

He was so happy to see  
it again that he said,  
"Why did I try to go so  
far away from home to  
find a place to live?  
I can build myself a  
fine nest in a corner  
of that big attic  
right near my mother  
and father!" .



climbing up to the attic .

And what do you think  
he saw when he got  
there? His nine  
brothers and sisters —  
who hadn't been able  
to find any other  
place they liked for  
a home either — all  
building nests in  
different parts of the  
attic!

Here they are



all building nests.

Those little mice were so glad to be together again that they all took hands and danced round and round in a circle with their father and mother in the middle.

And after their dance they had a fine picnic on bread and cheese.

And they never left their home again.

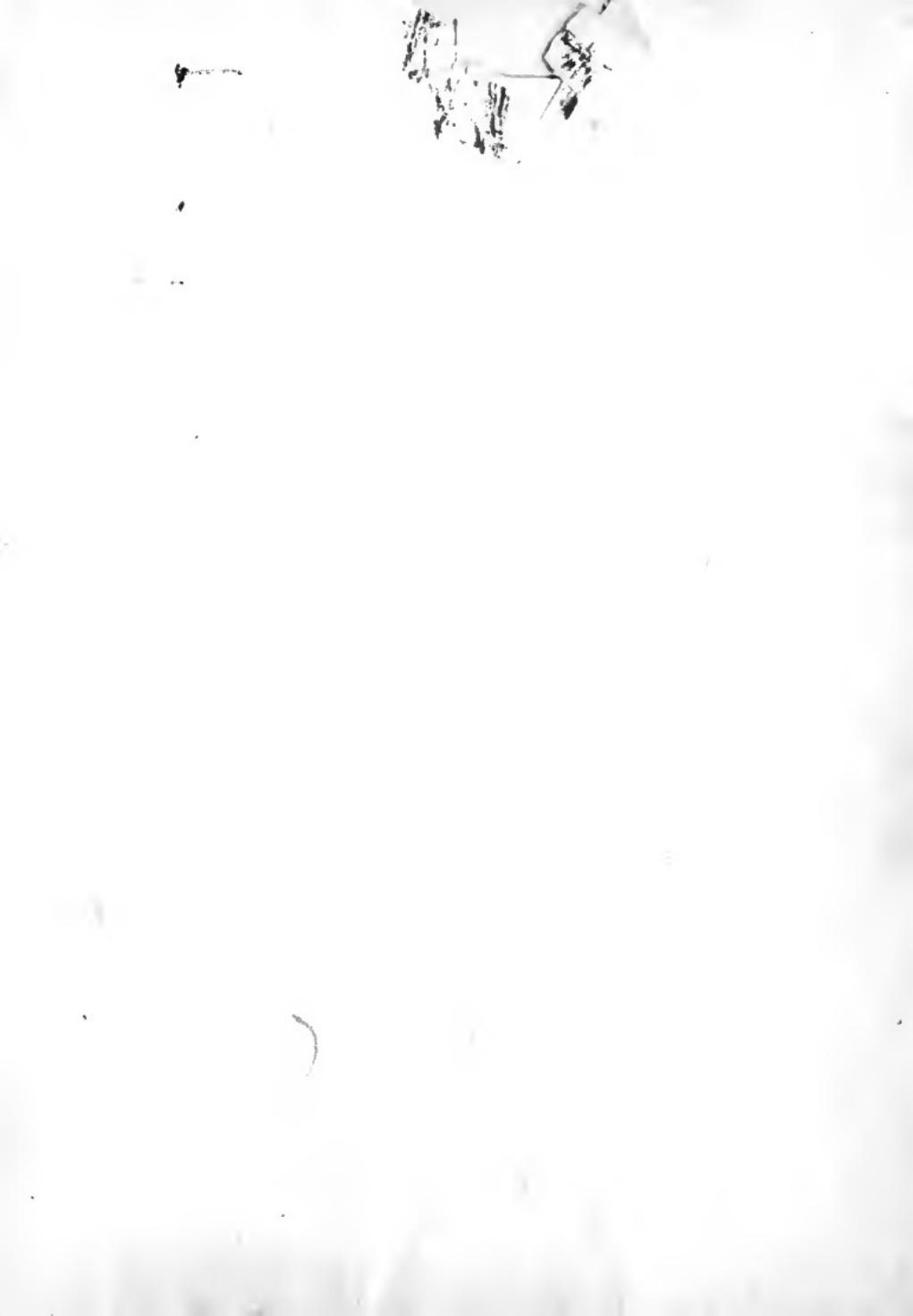
Here they are



dancing for joy because  
they are all together again.







# *The Story of*

# *A Little Gray Mouse*

by DOROTHY MERRILL

Once upon a time a little gray mouse lived in an old hat box with his father, mother and nine brothers and sisters. It was so terribly crowded that mother mouse sent her children out to find homes of their own. So the little gray mouse looked all over for a home. First he lived with an old frog on a log. But the log rolled too much. Then with a little bird in a tree. But the tree swayed too much. Then in the cellar of a big

city house. But a big black cat chased him away. Finally he ran right into a beautiful house in the country in whose attic, of all things, he found his mother and father and all nine brothers and sisters, each one busily building his own little nest. So everyone was happy at being together again. Delightfully illustrated in full color with all the charm and simplicity with which Dorothy Sherrill has so endeared herself to young children everywhere.

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